A

POEM

Occasioned by the

DEATH

OF

Her MAJESTY.

By a Person of Honour.

LONDON,

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On Her Majeſty's Deceaſe.

WHat can we here ſecure or laſting call,
When God's own Temples (as if *Dagons*) fall?
Why ſhould fond Mothers idly moan the Loſs
Of Hopes, or Heirs, ſeeing our Nation's Croſs
Set, next to *Golgotha*'s? It frights the Earth,
Nay Fiends themſelves, from any ſort of Mirth.
This tells us what is dreadful; woe indeed;
What's the Privation, for our ſins decreed:
And what is Grief, ſhould make them juſtly mourn,
Who, Children like, are froward at each turn.
But could we on great *William*'s ſorrows think,
Our private Paſſions would to Shadows ſhrink.
He fought like *David*, and like *Noah* ſtood
Secure, and ſaving others thro the Flood:
Now, tho his Ark be ſhook, He's poys'd for weights
Of ſinking Worlds, much more of trembling States.
He that can wade through Ills ſo good a way
May guide his Stars, and ſhine more bright than they.
All Aſpects favour ſuch a Friend as He's;
For he's in one *Atlas* and *Hercules*.
Thank Heav'n he's ſtill the ſame, tho a ſad ſtroke
Cut him in two, and ſov'raign comforts broke:
(While *Europe* thro his ſide is wounded too,)
Oh! what vaſt miſchief may this Winter do?
Let our Iſles weep, and ſeek with all their Eyes
Full Seas of Tears, to thaw the *Belgian* Ice;
Leſt any be ſurpriz'd by watchful foes,
While our dear Halcyon takes her laſt Repoſe.
The Phœnix thus in her firſt Neſt expires,
And Heav'ns own Hand kindles her fun'ral Fires.
Ah! where's the Hand that held our Pillars Right?
Where is our Pilot in this dreadful Night?
Where's any Hope below, or Help on High?
Till God, or his Vicegerent ſay: 'Tis I.

The Univerſe in black looks up, and ſighs,
As *Egypt* once, at *Iſrael*s Obſequies;
Crying, whoſe Mourning's this: A Woe unknown
To Mankind, till *Maria* left the Throne,
Claiming Heav'ns faireſt Kingdoms as her own.
Her Soul, her Merit wrought up her Eſteem,
Fit for the Empire of the Seraphim:
Too high for Clouds, too clear for things of Clay;
She bleſt us with her *Robes* and went away;
Since *half of her* this Globe may fully ſway.
Angels from Men thus ſuddenly depart,
And the quick farewel makes the Viſion ſmart.
But wilt thou go, fair *Eve*, and leave thy Man
To rule alone, as *Adam* firſt began?
Oh! has he undergone vaſt Toyls for this,
And bid ſo ſoon adieu to Paradiſe?
'Tis hard; but God muſt be obey'd, he knows,
By him he rules, to him the Ruler bows,
And thus his Valour's right aſcendant ſhows.
Oh let him ſtand this ſhock, as he before
Did ev'ry ſtorm both on our Seas and Shore.
Who but a more than Man e're ſuffer'd more?
The patient *Job* with ſuch a ſteddy Mind
Calm'd his Misfortunes, and his Faith refin'd.
He's pain'd, he's bleeding in his tend'reſt part;
Yet hides the Sore, leſt we ſhould feel the Smart.
No Cannon Ball, no grim Salutes of Death,
No cloſe Encounter on the *Belgian* Heath,
No Force, no Treachery, no *French* Arms, nor Art,
Wound like the Point now paſſing to his Heart:
Nor ſhould the Hero ſuch a Touchſtone feel,
Were not his Virtue the beſt temper'd Steel.
God, that affords ſuch Grace, delights to prove
His Work well done, that he may further love.
Bear up then, maſter all thy ſelf, great Prince;
This Conqueſt will thy Foes and Friends convince;
How in thy Trials Fate has kinder Ends,
And God, who proves his Champion, him defends:
That Kings may give him place, and Realms make room
To kiſs the Hand, that unbinds *Chriſtendom*.

FINIS.

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